

Dunedin Report.

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18 June 1993

Report from Dunedin.

There is a bounce and a bustle in Dunedin town these days. New cafes have opened up through out the city, most close to the University. As one kiwi explained to me, the South Island began to lift out of the recession about two years ago and once business in Auckland picks up the South Island could make economic leaps and bounds especially in the area of small manufacturing. All the ingredients seem to ripe for enhanced economic activity here. My fears for the future economic progress of New Zealand are much reduced and the old kiwi adage she'll be right seems to be holding true. Today I read in the paper that the annual rating of economic efficiency and productivity of the country rose from 15th to 7th place (Japan was #1, US #2).

Of course, it took the country over 10 years of 10% unemployment to right herself.

The recession began in 1981 or so. Otago Universities enrollment than was 6000 students. Today it stands at 14,000. On my last visit in 1990 enrollment was between 8 and 9 thousand. Conclusion: A recession has a way of sending people back to school.

One key factor to the new economic life of New Zealand is obvious — the collapse of the New Zealand dollar relative to other first world manufacturing countries. This disaster seems to be producing an (initially) surprising and beneficial consequence. Put simply, New Zealand is now a second world country (in terms of wages and cost of living) with a first world infrastructure. Hence it is a good place to do business. Wages and essential cost of living here (housing, food) seem to be closer to Portugal or Spain than the UK, Germany, or France. Yet the ability to get work done is

almost as good as any first world country (stable educated work force, good transportation and information infrastructure (roads, telephones)). Add to this that the easy going life style of the kiwis actually appears to help with efficiency to a greater extent than it hinders productivity. The New Zealand dollar is stabilized at about half the US dollar (0.55, it was about equal in the early eighties and about 0.65 in 1990), and the inflation rate has been the lowest in the industrialized world for several years running now at about 1.0%.

Wages or living costs have not changed in this time period so for the kiwi things look stable, but to US citizen the place seems like a down right cheap place to live yet with a high quality of life. In the Otago region you would be hard pressed to find a house selling for more than \$200,000, that's New Zealand dollars! On the other hand the top paying University professor makes less than NZ \$100,000 and a starting lecturer would make about NZ \$40,000. So everything seems to be divided by about half the US equivalent, both the wages and housing costs. Imported manufactured goods are lesser than they have ever been in previous years, but they are still higher than what you would find the United States (anywhere between 20% and 100% because of the high importing costs and GST). Roughly, if it takes a half a years wages to buy a car of your choice in the US, it would take 2/3 to 1 years wages to buy a similar car of your choice in New Zealand. Same seems to hold for other big ticket items like computers, stereos, and other consumer electronics.

So if you measure the standard of living in New Zealand as material possessions than things have gotten grim since the 1970's when New Zealand had 16 unemployed and one the highest standard of living (as measured by # of phones, radios, TV's etc..) in the world. But in actual day to day life the standard of living (or to use the PC term quality of life) has

changed surprising little (yep, still no central heating). That is, despite the radical economic and market changes to the society, the social fabric of the society is still holding together well. At least here on the South Island, many business dealings can be done with out paper, a persons word (and an honest face I guess) is enough.

The other big change, the dismantling of the welfare state (state supplied health care, state supplied retirement, free university education, etc., etc., etc.) seems to continue with New Zealanders taking things as they come. If needed, they take out health care insurance or join retirement funds. But individual activity here seems to be reactive and still much needs to be sorted out at the local and national level. What is clear is that although New Zealand in many ways still feels like a social welfare paradise, in fact, the Camelot era of social welfare is over and New Zealanders still have difficult times a head both personally and nationally before a just social equilibrium is established again. Personally, I find the change sad and hope as much (and more) of the social welfare systems which is economically viable will be saved. Still no one can doubt the new vibrancy and personal energy and initiative that can be found in the country and which, in part, must be attributed to the new economic and social insecurity that New Zealanders now face.

28 June 1993

Dunedin's first winter storm hit last night. Just a bit of sliding around the streets near midnight in my car as black-ice paved the city streets. Nothing much really. The hills around Dunedin were frosted with a fresh dusting of snow this morning. Not quite as beautiful as the Sangre de Cristo's, but not bad. Actually had a pang of longing to see the Sangre de Cristo's. New Mexico has a different beauty. One that cuts far deeper to the inner workings of ones being. It is, though, that I just prefer being near the water I guess. The shore of and

surf of St. Kilda beach is glorious in its own way especially at sunrise.

Party last night at Cei's Mom's house on 62 Chambers road in the North Valley. Engagement party for Tim and Cei. Relaxing time. That's why I was on the icy streets of Dunedin near midnight. Weather here yesterday was atrocious, cold, windy and strong rains. Well, maybe not all that windy compared to what it can do around here. But certainly, winter is a incommen.

Time just seems to pass here. Don't ever seem to do much while I am here and should be board, but never really too much so. Like this weekend I wanted to buy a guitar – but no way. Only one music store was open and it only from 10-1 on Saturday. Got there at 1:30. May have a look again today after my lecture at 12:00. Yesterday was a nice day even if the weather was horrible. Went swimming at Moana in the early morning. Then did some work at Uni — just read more closely some string papers and played with Tim's apparatus. If things go right we should be able to see some interesting “Shilnikov chaos” in the experiment. At least I am hopeful at this point that we can pull it off. Then at 3:00 went to a very nice student recital at Marama, some Rcomonoff (sp) and Minsorki (sp). I guess one of the reasons I like this town so much is that music is really quite good here — certainly considering its size, 100,000. Did some laundry at home and then went to the party at at 7:30. Really quite a full day by kiwi standards.

Every Monday (today) I go to the Albert Arms to hear Blackthorn in the the evening. Pat Ryan is in the group, and in fact it is the group I used to play with when I was here 4 years ago. Now they are the best Irish band in Dunedin. Really strange to come back to place after four years and still know so many people here. In the US no one stays in a place that long, or at least so it seems. And although Dunedin has changed quite a bit in the last

four years, all the same people still seem like they are here. I guess it is a hard place to leave for long, just a place that breeds contentment. Speaking of leaving, Pat Ryan is leaving for a few years to go on sort of a world tour. On Wednesday I usually head over to Maloney's Pub (sort of my local in the south end) to listen and play (when I get a guitar) home brew Irish tunes. Looks like I have quite a routine already for being here such a short time.

29 June 1993

Winter in June? Yes it does seem odd. After some pretty nasty weather, today was quite nice really. And it even seemed warm. Maybe 50F. Bought a guitar today. If I just learn one new reel it will be worth it. Working on "Road to California" at the moment. What did I do today? No lecturing. Ran my first tutorial, one student showed up, the first problem set was really easy (I guess), at least it was meant to be. But the student that showed up seemed pretty good, so that was really encouraging. So far (1 lecture) the differential equations class is going really well I think, my ah can you call it lecturing is about what you would expect, but there is a good interaction among the students. The nonlinear dynamics class is going less well I think. Tim suggested today that the reason the students are not speaking up is that there are too many lecturers (professors) auditing the course (3 or 4) and the students are a bit intimidated by them (hopefully not by me, certainly my differential equations student are not).

So what did I do today if no real lectures. Toby and I agreed to disagree, and in fact I see his point of view much more clearly now. I may edit and rewrite the paper following his suggestion just to remove his bit. Best at this point to just sit on it until after my lecturing here. I am excited about Tim's string experiment, I think we stand a chance of getting some good chaotic data from it which would be real neat.

So, ok, really not sure what I did today. Bought the guitar, food shopping, fixed a quick dinner and going to a US foreign policy lecture tonight. Had another really good time last night listening to Blackthorn at the Albert Arms.

Spoke briefly with Alan McCord today about generating some "turbulence" data from an optical simulation, and then doing time averaging of images on it.

My chest (heart ?) is still bothering me, should have it checked out when I go back to the States, just so I won't worry about it if nothing else. Oh ya, went to a Marama concert today - piano and violin. The violinist was really great (2 encores), he won the NZ youth competition in 89 and has spend the last few years studying in the States.

2 July 1993

The string experiment is going very well! We have easily reproducible Lorenz chaos. I can't believe this has been sitting there for about 150 years and no one has "seen" it before. The trick was to spray the string with a silicone rubber. This effectively makes the string "stiffer" by coating the string and increases the damping. The string now just rocks back and forth exactly as predicted by envelope equations proposed by Bajaj and Johnson. The rocking time is about 3HZ, the fast frequency forcing is about 1000 HZ, so we are well within the slowly varying envelope approximation regime. We should have clean arbitrarily long data sets in no time. Since the rocking is so slow, it is easy to save the data directly to disk, so there should be no limit on the length of the data sets we can take.

Did a stand in lecture for Math 101 yesterday. 70 students in lecture, 150 registered for the class. I talked about differentiating sin and cos. Became quickly clear that some of the students have difficulty with things like adding fractions. I see at least two solutions, both of which involve getting these students lots of tu-

torial help. 1) break the class size down to less than 20 – get every single professor/lecturer teaching this class in addition to their current load (hey, it would work. In groups less than 20, then each teacher could identify the weaker students and give them the help they need (obviously a very difficult solution to work politically)). 2) group each stronger student with a weaker student and use them as tutors (this would work I think (that is you could achieve the cooperation of all the students involved for this venture)), but again whether you can in midstream totally change the format of the course is an unknown political question. What is clear to me, is that doing nothing and not recognizing and addressing the problem immediately is not the best course of (in)action. If nothing is done a sizable number of students who both a) want to learn this material and (b) are capable with (at first) a massive influx of one-on-one assistance of learning the material will fail both in learning the material and perhaps even the course. I, of course have no valid estimate of the number of students this could be, but for arguments sake lets say it is 20%. Well, that is 30 people.

Another recommendation I would make, is again, especially at this level, I am just very dubious of the value of lectures, especially if 150 people showed up. Instead of 4 hours a week lecture, wouldn't less time in smaller groups or even one-on-one be infinitely more effective method for giving these people the mathematical skills of elementary calculus. This is a testable conjecture.

Speaking as one who could not differentiate themselves out of a paper bag, I think I am speaking with some experience about this at the other end of the podium.

7 July 1993, Wednesday

After an initial settling in period, the teaching has seemed to stabilize. I must admit, most of what everyone “warned” me about a full teaching load is not panning out for me.

Basically, I do not find it too much work (I find teaching two full courses - all be it both upper level - at best a 40 hour week, and usually less than that), and my favorite part of the job is working one-on-one with students, both because they seem to genuinely appreciate it and I can immediately see the “fruits” of our labor, that is, they get it or they don't, but usually they do because they would not have asked that question in the first place unless they have already thought about it a bit. Lets see if I can actually make a time table: 5 lectures a week avg. 3-4 hours prep time per lecture = 20 hours, lecture time = 5 hours, tutorial time = 1 hour, office hours = 2 hours, grading time 10 min per assignment \* 25 students \* 1 assig. / week = 250 min = 4 hours (wildly over estimated), so the worst case scenario for the teaching load is  $20+5+1+2+4 = 32$  hours, and I would already estimate the average work time to be less than that. And once the courses are prepared the prep time should be cut in half.

So far, I have also be spared a lot of the dumb questions (like is this going to be on the exam, etc.). Admittedly, like I said I am teaching 3rd and 4th year courses, relatively small classes and highly motivated students, but both of these factors would exist at any reasonably good liberal arts school. In fact, I am a bit surprised at how well (at least the 3rd year diff. eqs. course) the students are prepared, at least on the symbolic manipulation end of things. And of course, in my talks, I am trying to give them a deeper, more theoretical, and comprehensive view of the subject, but still giving them lots of practice through problem sets.

My fourth year class has much more variation. Some of the students, are a bit weak for 4th year, and I am unsure how to write the final because of this. Unfortunately, being at a “state” school, I really have no control over the form of the final exam or how much

it effects the grade or what not. This is all set by a Departmental policy which is really a quasi-national policy since there is little deviation between different Universities in New Zealand. So there is no way I can spare them this trial. Obviously, I know from the problem sets the strengths and weakness of each student, but little of this information is going to get factored into the final grade because of the way the grading system works – it is based primarily on the final exam.

I also find the idea of teaching conceptually clean. Basically, I see my job as 1) setting the material that needs to be learned, where learning contains a mixture of conceptual understanding and symbolic manipulations, and 2) removing obstacles toward the goal of (1) and where possible lend a helping hand. That's about it. I guess, what I am finding is that if I do (1) and (2) it is really the case that a sizable fraction of the students will genuinely meet goal (1), and this is absolutely a delightful realization. The only modification I would add is that if grading has to be done (and I really see no reason why it has to be done at this level), then we should grade both absolutely, have the students reached some objective standard of the goals set out in (1) and “subjectively,” that is relative to the students starting ability, how well have they improved. Basically, my opinion is that the only students who even remotely should fail are students who fail at both the objective and subjective standard simultaneously - that is students who both do not have the skills and spent no effort to try to get them.

8 July 1993, Thursday

I must be doing a great job teaching. Just got a problem set this morning with an unexpected result. One of the students found (to my knowledge) a new “sub-harmonic” solution to the bouncing ball problem! They took my period-one literally, and found a sub-harmonic with two bounces per period. I really never

even though to look for such an orbit like this before. If everything checks out should be able to right a one page note to AJP or something about this with the student as the first author.

11 July 1993, Sunday

Well, went for my usual swim this morning. The breakfast seen has improved by orders of magnitude from four years ago. A small side effect of the employment contracts act (ECA). For most of New Zealand's life time there has been no Sunday shopping or work of any kinds on the weekends (including early morning breakfasts), and this situation was more or less cemented into law decades ago by the union contracts which stated nationwide that all work on Sundays would get double or triple overtime, hence no work got done. In one day, all this went out the window. The government passed a law saying that every employer could negotiate with each individual to reach a fair agreement on wages and work. In particular, it is now within the law to get someone to work on the weekends (and to cook a breakfast on Sunday morning) for the usual (non-overtime) wage.

Not saying a weekend breakfast is great here, but it was impossible to find four years ago. And I do like going out for a nice Sunday breakfast after my swim. I now need to check out the places I noticed were open, Capers and The Southern Cross Hotel to see what I can russel up.

Ever watch a 3-year old. After they have passed their terrible twos – they are just so BUSY. So much to do. I like the way they set there own agenda.

Looks like I could be working weekends the next 4 weeks or so, until the bulk of my lecturing is over. Have quite a bit to do this weekend - preparing lectures, grading, and even began to revise the braid analysis paper. Also really want to get to the data analysis of the string experiment and the calculation of the “double bounce” solutions to the bouncing ball that

Ben in my nonlinear dynamics class pointed out. So BUSY. I don't think I ever really got over my 3's.

It is a beautiful weekend here. Cool, but clear (the kind Vernon likes). Really like it like this too. The morning ice we have been having continues. Seems like we get a good sheet every other day or so.

14 July 1993, Wednesday

Well, this week the teaching got more time consuming. Largely my mistake though, spent all weekend preparing lectures on an introduction to functional analysis and the Fredholm alternative theorem, but came to my senses on the end of lecture on Monday (before I started the functional analysis stuff) that this would be far too advanced for most of the students. Fair enough, so just scraped those lectures and had to spend all Tuesday preparing my Wednesday lecture on adjoints, as well as my nonlinear dynamics lecture which I was intending to prepare then anyway. At least I had the good sense to learn from my mistake, and scrap the work I had already done and start anew.

Was at Maloney's on Friday. Pat asked me to come up on the stage to play when the act opened and I think the other band members were a bit wary. Anyway we played Morris's jig and then I went into Dominion reel which no one knew. Then the show officially started and I stepped down from the stage. Headed off early and thought — although I played ok — that the other band members felt awkward that Pat asked me to join them. Well, I think I was wrong. Apparently later in the show they were looking for me to play some more, and than this last Monday, two or three of the band members specially asked me to bring my guitar around and perhaps teach them some new material. So, I seemed to have impressed them on two counts — 1) I knew some new tunes that they would like to learn (since they already know everything that people in Dunedin

know, and 2) they really like the flat picking. It never occurred to me that that would be a novelty in this part of the world, since flat picking tunes is such a main stay of American folk music and the bluegrass tradition. Well, little do they know that I can only flat pick a few tunes so I really do not have much to show them. But I will head out to John's house (the guitarist in the band) one of these days and show him the few tunes I do know. At any rate, it is good inspiration to keep me working on the flat picking when it takes me so long to learn a tune (about a month if I work at it regularly) but which once I get it, it is so easy. Right now working on "Road to California," through the difficult part of it, just four more measures to go which I should be able to polish off this weekend.

Getting anxious about Tim's data from the string. I doubt he is going to take any more data, and the data we have appears like it has a hefty drift in it. Hopefully we can filter it out, but if we can't than I am dubious we will be able to push through with the topological analysis.

The one thing I don't like about teaching is lecturing. For two reasons, first, I guess I am really learning something about myself — I am a very private person, and I do not like being in front of the public in any form, and I really find lecturing no different. For the most part it is like talking to myself in front of people and my conversations with myself were meant to be private! or among friends. That is really it, I love conversation on topics but I don't like just talking about topics. I am sure some people will find this weird since I have been accused of pontificating on more than one occasion, but that is in front of friends. Of course the second reason, is that I have always been dubious of the value of the lecture format. Still, the only redeeming quality I can see is that some of the students TO MY UTTER AND TOTAL AMAZEMENT

are actually learning things from what I say. The last home work assignment had no written notes for reference, just what notes they took from my lecture, yet more than half the students did the assignment and understood the assignment (solving diff. eqs with similarity transforms) just based on the notes they took during lecture. I guess I find this amazing, even though I should perhaps not since I solved (well, almost always found “a” solution, even if it was not an “A” solution) all of David Griffiths assignments just from the notes I took from him during lecture. Still it does amaze me that people can both understand what I am saying and put it to use. The other thing that is fun to watch is how the students opinion for me is changing (I hope) for the better. Students like Bryce would just roll their eyes at me during the first two lectures as if to say, gosh we already know all this why are you wasting our time. Now, I see Bryce helping students using exactly the same points and insights that I mention during lecture and which of course most students don’t remember. I have a nice image of Bryce at the board helping another student saying, “well you see the eigen-space is invariant ...,” like of course everyone knows that, but of course he did not know it at all until I pointed it out to him. I noticed Bryce is coming to lecture more regularly now.

15 July, 1993

Good day. I did my Ph.D thesis on strings, like how guitar strings really move about. I did an experiment here at Otago on it in 89, and now Tim is continuing on in the same area for his PH.D thesis. Basically, we just run a alternating current through a wire and place the wire in a constant magnetic field. This “drives” the string, and then we use optical shadow detectors to see how the string whirls about.

This is an old problem in the sense that every one from Euler to Lord Raleigh have

worked on the problem. Actually, no one ever even got the equations right until Kirchhoff in the last century (even Fourier got them wrong), and then they were so hard to solve that no one ever bothered to look at them again. They all solved the linearized version which is what every physics student learns about but which actually turns out to be only a very rough model for what real strings do as some of our experiments showed a few years ago. About the same time we did our experiments, 2 or 3 people were having a go again at the correct equations, which qualitatively agreed with what we observed. We are now trying to get a more quantitative agreement.

I have heard through the grape vine that we may be having some competition on the experimental end of things, which is not hard to believe since the experiment is so easy to set up.

So, like most academics, I right now the worlds expert on two or three obscure subjects, one of which being the theoretical and experimental analysis of the movement of strings. Maybe I can get a consulting job with a violin making firm?

Did I ever tell you the title of my Ph. D. thesis? “Chaotic themes from strings,” my undergraduate thesis was titled “Smiles and Teardrops,” which refers to some solutions to some differential equations (they looked like similes and teardrops to me). It is funny how I keep coming back to the same problems. In fact just a few months ago I found an “exact” solution for the teardrop solution described in my BA thesis. In my BA thesis I had only an approximate solution. One solution every ten years, about average I guess.

16 July 1993, Saturday

Today is the day when all eyes on both sides of the Tasman focus on Dunedin. The town usually has a metropolitan area population of 100,000. Today that number will shoot up to 141,000. Planes were coming into the Dunedin

airport from Oz till midnight last night. Why you ask?

RUGBY: The all blacks vs. the ozi's, just a mile or so from my house. Should have good weather for the match and the all blacks should give the ozi's a thrashing, despite their almost recent loss to the Lions. Dunedin is in the grips of rugby fever, and pie makers have been working over time.

Nothing else much to report, last week seemed long, but this week should be better and I am half way to the August break when the bulk of my lecturing will be over.

There have been recent discussions on the internet about the merits of living in New Zealand vs. the US. Yep, money is the big difference, but so is the quality of life. I guess despite the dismantling of the welfare system, I still prefer the quality of life here because of children. When I think of the US I just get increasing angry at how the society is falling apart and how many of our children are in poverty. That sort of poverty and dangerous mean environment just don't exist here, and every child has a fair chance of growing up safe, happy and healthy here. That is one intangible-tangible that brings me still down on the New Zealand side of things despite the end of the cold war and the dismantling of the welfare state here. Now, if we were to get health care in the US I might reconsider — but where is it?

18 July 1993

Well, for those who care about such things. 25 to 10, ALL BLACKS WIN. But by most accounts neither the world champion wallabies or the all blacks put on their best performance.

One of the most striking things about the US, especially as seen from the overseas mainstream press (eg. Time and Newsweek) is the cult of the individual. Almost every article I read either builds people up or knocks them down. It is the overriding assumption, belief, dogma of American society that a single indi-

vidual is responsible for the success in any endeavor. No one ever mentions the team or organization as equally sharing the success. Examples: two articles in this week's Newsweek, one on the woman prime minister of Poland who is pragmatic, noncontroversial and "gets the job done." She is build up as some kind of hero, at the same time we learn through this article that the polish economy is finally going right under capitalism with a 4% growth rate projected for this year. Two American capitalist dogmas the article is propagating are: 1) the myth of the power of the individual to solve all problems, and 2) the economic supremacy of capitalism. Mind you, the article never comes right out and says this, but time and time again you hear the same lines over and over. Only the facts supporting these two world views are ever presented.

Success in the economic or political or social sphere just must be more complicated than that, and there are certainly lots of other world views out there (Note: See James Fallon's new book "Looking at the Sun"). Take the Spanish world view for instance, nothing much is ever going to change so why bother to fix it — this stands in stark contrast to the American world view that everything can be fixed (if we just find the right man for the job).

Which brings us back to the US - NZ life style discussion again. I see problems in the US as not being able to be fixed anytime in the near future. We won't get health care, we won't get prenatal and medical care even for our children. They won't even get vaccinations. All those problems can be fixed, and we won't fix them. Let alone the bigger problems of the deterioration of the inner cities.

Most problems in New Zealand can be fixed — and many just might be. And not because of any great individuals, but because people get along here. They like the town and communities they live in and they want to make them better, and they know and like the peo-



ple in them so they will work together to make them better. The only real problem, and it is a huge problem, is that to do this in the long term they really must pay off their overseas debt (period). As long as it is around life will be good here but precarious since there is no money to fix things.

Here is a personal example. A few years ago I was up in the North island staying with a Maroi-Pakea couple with lots of kids about. One of them had very bad asthma. The parents were giving the child random medicines it seemed, with no comprehension of the seriousness of the disease and lots of (stupid) ideas about the harms of western medicine. Still with a little more diplomacy on my part it seems not unreasonable that I could of gotten the boy proper medical attention and the small bit of instruction his parents would of needed to administer it. This place was up on 90 mile beach, and it was a bungalow which by NZ standards was poverty (but it does not compare either in scope or degree with anything I have seen in the US from the reservations to the inner cities). All one needed to solve this problem was some time and effort to convince the parents to spend a day with the child in Auckland (admittedly a several hour trip) to get the proper medical attention for their child (at the time medical attention and such was all free). This is a solvable problem.

Compare this situation to any inner city or Indian child on a reservation. For the inner city child I really have no idea how I would go about getting them medical attention immediately with little or no money and no administrative hassle (in Auckland we would of just walk into to the clinic, or best to phone ahead), and this despite the fact that great medical attention may only just be 10 minutes away — but it is totally inaccessible to a poor black child (period). This strikes me as a much more difficult problem, than the kind I see here in NZ.

Of course I know all the obvious reasons why NZ is a much more harmonious society, not the least of which is that there is really only two races here and a common cultural tradition and heritage etc. I guess in this respect Australia is a more interesting test, since it is more ethnically diverse, can it find the social cohesion that appears to have been obliterated in the US?

19 July 1993, Monday

More on the merits/demerits of US vs. NZ. Basically, having lived in both places for a bit, I think if all one cares about is your “standard” of living and “quality” of life and one also has professional good employment in either country then, well, hate to say this, but the US wins hands down - despite the higher housing (and food costs) but the lower prices on everything else. The reason is quite simple. The US is really many societies all of which can be surprising isolated (at least on the surface) from one another. Basically one can live in a moderately sized town in the US (Eugene Oregon, Colorado Springs, CA, Portland, Maine, Burlington Vermont, to name just a few places) and have most of the “outdoor” and quality of life benefits of New Zealand, rents that are more reasonable than bigger US cities, and a salary which is maybe 20% lower than usual, but not 50% lower which is what is going to happen if you come to NZ from the US. My US salary is \$40,000 US, my NZ salary is \$39,000 NZ without all the US benefits (health care plan, retirement plan, etc.). It is 0.55 US per \$1 NZ. Even with rent costs twice as high it is not possible to make up the difference. And living in one of these town one never needs to confront the problems of the inner city and break down of community that are ripping the society apart. And the cultural, community, and outdoors life is I think comparable to New Zealand. So that is the other side of America.

Still, I said if one can and wants to live in

isolation from all the problems one can, if one can. So this is really the dilemma, if it bothers you that 20% of US children are in poverty even though you don't have to see them every day, than your quality of life in the US may be really terrible. So you see, it really is very much a personal decision. It depends on how much you want or need to be connected to your family, community, state, and country. In NZ all these things are very much connected, and in the US you can try to disconnect yourself from them. If you want to do this, than the US does I think objectively offer the better quality of life. If you don't want to do this, or can't because of your personal make up, then NZ may be a more reasonable choice for you. Ultimately, it is a very personal decision.

The other big factor is if you are going from US to NZ or NZ to the US, and your home (place of origin) is one of the countries, then in the short and longer term the cultural adjustment going from any culture to another can take quite a lot of getting use to. So it is not just a matter of shifting from one country to another, your lifestyle and values will also have to shift and this can be a nontrivial process.

At one time it was an easy decision, say 10 years ago or more. With cold war and NZ's then high standard of living and strong dollar, and the social welfare state it was really an easy choice. But none of this is true anymore. The only thing which is true still is that NZ is a small country. NZ (for better or worse) has enacted sweeping changes in the past 10 years to at least try to deal with its long term problems. The US is a big country. The US has been unable to act in the last 10 years to deal with its much more considerable problems.

22 July 1993

Well, bought an electric blanket and seemed to sleep better last night. Kansas Univ. hired Meron. I am really curious about the green card laws. There was only one vote separating us on the search committee. So I don't think

the condition that there was no "US candidate of equal merit" can really hold up under scrutiny.

Finally got a reasonable nights sleep last night. So feel ok today, first time in a few days.

25 July 1993, Sunday

Time flies like an arrow, fruit flies like a banana. The Shaemus Egan mobile has become the John Gorka mobile as of yesterday. Finally changed tapes in my car from from Irish music to Gorka music.

I guess one of the reasons I feel at home here is that the whole country is just like one big burb. Just about everyone owns their own home and at least in Dunedin it seems like everyone spends their time shuttling their kids from music lessons to football practice to school etc., etc., etc. Just the burbs. Lets face it, how well am I really connected to any other part of American society. Sure, I have the blues and jazz in my blood just because it is the music that has influenced everything else in the American scene, but how well am I really connected to the people, times, and places that produced these sounds? Maybe this is the reason why I have gravitated to Irish music, or more generally Celtic music. Yes, I love the Zen quality of it, just a tune in one key, usually with little else. With a rhythm and beat meant to dance to. But also it is ultimately the music of lower middle class white people hanging out in the pubs. And if I have any roots, at least culturally it is these, the upper middle class burbs from lower class white European origins. And since I feel more at home on my mothers side of things this means the poor Irish and Polish origins.

Suppose to go flying today with Nick Dudley Ward. Actually don't like flying even smaller planes and not sure why I am doing it. It is one of those things I make myself do because even though I am apprehensive about it, I know there is at least a 50% chance I will like it

a lot. We are taking a stunt plane up and should be doing some loops and 0-g things at least briefly. Which reminds me, better see if I have any motion sickness pills to take before hand. Probably not but.

28 July 1993, Wednesday

I have not entered the post elation phase yet of the new culture experience, but it is always fun to bitch a little or a lot even. Nothing really new to bitch about the places, pretty much the same things as when I was here before. Lack of central heat – I can bitch about this but it ain't goin to change. It is particularly bad in the movie theaters in the middle of winter. Imagine sitting in a black box for 2 hours in the middle of winter, burr, burr, burr. It would not be so much of a problem except this time every year Dunedin runs their international film festival and there are lots of good movies to go too. I swear this is the third time I have been around for this, but I just can't figure how it can be, it must only be my second time. So far this time I have seen, "Gas Food Lodging," "Manufacturing Consent," "One False Move," and "beDevil." Of course I loved Manufacturing Consent, and realized that Chomsky was a bit of a cad himself insofar as he is a propagandists.

The other thing to bitch about is the food storage and preparation standards here. I got food poisoning twice the last time I was here, and New Zealand has the highest food poisoning incidence in the first world. This is strange when you think about how clean the place is, the buildings and lawns (used to be) so tidy. But it is not so strange when you get to know kiwis a bit better (and live with them as I did last time, o.k. not the fariest example since they were students, but by NZ student standards they were very neat). It is a combination of the lackadaisical adittute toward life plus just plain ignorance and disbelief I suppose in things they can not see like bacteria. People don't wash their hands here between handling

raw meat products and other products. This simple step alone would cut down the food poisoning incidence immensely. Forget washing food preparation utensils, plates, knife's, cutting boards, etc. thoroughly, every time I tried to do this my flat mates would stare at me in disbelief. Oh well, you just take you chances here. Normally would not be a problem, but cooking utensils since they are manufactured are very expensive here, so I really don't have much to cook with, and am eating out a lot, mostly lunches at student cafeteria, and just feel awfully exposed food born illness.

Then there are the diaries. I dare you to find one diary which keeps their freezer at the proper temperature. They just either won't spend the money to do it or the freezers don't work. I end up buying all my diary products from the major food markets just because they do have freezers that work and date their products. You think I am joking. Milk at room temperature lasts maybe one day before going off (as the British say), yet with refrigeration it can last 2 weeks, and basically each couple of degrees colder adds an extra day to the shelf life. Milk has a very strong dependence between shelf life and storage temperature, look it up and you will be amazed at both how long it can last (or how short) depending on the storage temperature. Oh, and this is the best, the local heath board responsible for watching over these things can not report the establishments (restaurants, diaries) which violate the health code or have cases of food poisoning, that is they can not release their name to the press even if they cite or prosecute them. What is the consumer to do?

Well, it has been very warm here 14 degrees C or more. On Monday night I was out eating an ice cream outside at 9:00 at night (eating ice cream is how one keeps warm in Dunedin in the winter), and it was plenty warm. So much for those "bitter" Dunedin winters. I have yet to be here for a really cold winter

(famous last words?). The ice cream is still really cheap and good here. About NZ \$1.20 for two scoops, that's about 70 cents US.

30 July 1993, Friday

IN DEFENSE OF THE UNION CAF AT OTAGO. I am shocked at the suggestion that one could get food poisoning at the Union Caf at Otago. This was the last place in the world I was speaking of (the places I was speaking of were most of the dairies with old pies, and many of the North End Cafes like food at Governors, and of course many take away places.

Here is my experience at the Otago Union, and mind you I have eaten at many Unions including worlds best in Zurich – you really won't believe the student Mensa's there, the food is not only good and cheap (by Swiss standards) but they even work hard on presentation.

First, the student Union provides the best value for money of any place to eat in Dunedin (period). A heap full of food at lunch is NZ \$4.50 (about US \$2.50). Second, the first point would not matter a damn if the food was no good, but just the opposite is the case. Point 1) they offer a varied menu, usually three entrees including one vegetarian entree. Point 2) they almost always have at least one fresh vegetable, which seems almost unheard of here, since the word veggie here seems synonymous with frozen veggie. Point 3) I am surprised at both how varied the menu is not just day by day but week by week, but also how good it is. They just don't unthaw a few vegetables, they often have a sauce. The meats are prepared with reasonable spicing, not just a random mix which again seems to be the New Zealand way of sheer inexperience culinary aptitude. Point 4) their kitchens are clean and meet a reasonable standard of hygiene (I don't know about the preparation techniques, but to the best of my knowledge I have never gotten food poisoning from the Union Caf) Point 5) It does not have to be this reasonable or dare I use the

word good, the chefs and staff could totally blow off there commitment to quality and service, but apparently they don't, and I for one really appreciate it. The food is much better, more varied and reasonably priced than the last working Caf I ate at, at Los Alamos National Labs, where all the idea of cooking was to unthaw half the frozen vegies. Point 6) there is a huge turn over, so things are probably very fresh. Point 7) the Union Caf staff are doing this despite the huge increase in numbers that must be happening there over the past 5 years (student population at Otago has increase by a few thousand in that time period. Point 8) I think the staff is again very nice, despite some very rude and I think extremely sloppy students, every day they clean up the mess left by these — and I have never seem them grumble once about their job. I always make a point of thanking the staff when they come by to bus my table – yes they even bus your table for you, although that may be going out in the near future because of the increase student load. The one thing I have been shocked about in the student Caf over the years is just how sloppy all the students are – it is by far the least tidy place in all of Dunedin, between the thick smoke in the Gazebo lounge to the stuff all over the floor I feel almost like I am back in xxxxx. I find this strange because NZ children are the most well behaved, mannered and unusually neat children I have ever seen, But NZ varsity students are the most sloppy I have ever seen (they are much more sloppy than the US Uni's I have seen) and then they seem to get neat again when the they are adults. So I guess it is just a phase they go through – but it is a real huge swing in the other direction.

11 August 1993, Wednesday

The ODT (Otago Daily Times) has most rental adds on Wednesday and Friday. Tip for the new resident of Dunedin.

Local news. Yesterday the ODT carried

a front page article of a man who fell 1000 meters when his parachute got tangled and landed in a paddock of 1 meter deep water. He walked away with only a scratch on his eye. Did it make the international papers? Great story.

On Sunday, I went out to see the penguins coming home at dusk and take in their “out fishin” signs as they waddled up the beach to their nests.

Yesterday, I was in the public library, at 12:57 I noticed the shelf in front of me start to sway and felt a rolling motion. Lasted about 30 seconds. No, I had not been at the pub before hand. Thought to myself, I’ve been through this before, this is an earthquake. And just like before, once it was over I thought, couldn’t have been, must have been a large truck or just my imagination. Wrong. A quake of about 6.4 or so hit Resourceful sound in Westland yesterday. No excessive damage or loss of life reported. Gisborne got hit by a similar size quake about 9 hours later. The scientists say there is no connection. Yeh, sure, I love science like that.

That’s all the news from Dunedin, except for the sealion named “nuisance” who appears to be visiting us at St. Clair on the Esplanade about every other day or so – he always makes the front page of the ODT. With the warning, children should keep their distance because sealions have teeth and can move at amazing speeds when agitated

20 August 1993, Friday

Went flying around Dunedin I think two weeks back or so with Nick Dudley Ward who is going to Leeds. Went out to see the penguins come home and take in their out-fishin signs a Sunday also about two weeks back. Big storm last week-end, the surf was something fierce. Went out to the Peninsula to Sandfly bay and took a drive around the peninsula last Sunday. Spent the first week of break writing exams, and preparing final lectures for 330. Meant to

go to Invercargill the second week of break but never got around to it. Actually was working on the double bounce solutions of Ben’s, still not sure if he has found a general solution or not – I am actually doubting it at this point, although I have a few specific solutions for the boundary value problem. My algebra is worse than ever, if that is possible. I will miss my first Monday at the Albert Arms this coming week because I will be up in Christchurch for a maths conference. It is Pat’s send off concert too. He sold his house and should be off soon. Still have not made it out to John’s yet to play guitar but will some time.

Pat Locke must be married by now (I think the 14th was the big day) and sailing in Greece for his honeymoon.

Took a quick walk around Mt. Cargill yesterday. It was suppose to be a stormy day, but was clear and wonderful views from up there of Dunedin, Warrington, the Peninsula. It really is the kicker, I just don’t feel safe in America knowing what a violent and commercial place it is. Yet here, I feel calm and safe. Am really this crazy or is America as crazy a place I it seems to me when I am here?

21 August 1993, Saturday

Went to hear a lecture by Polkinghorne last evening on the topic ‘can a scientist pray?’ His theology is stuffed, but think I got one idea indirectly from it. To wit, how about seriously studying open systems of equations, that is systems which can not be closed as a model for open systems – thus the closure problem of hydrodynamics is not a problem. What might we learn by doing this. I think it might be possible to find (many) nonunique solutions to such systems and “emergent” self organization properties. Strikes me as a worth while thing to explore. Must see what equations I can cook up.

After the lecture went to Maloneys. Pat and Blackthorne were playing there. After that went out to Loot’s. Got there about 1:00 and

left about 5:00, that's am. Don't think I have stayed up that late since college. Pat Ryan leaves for the big OE (overseas experience) this Tuesday, so it was sort of my send off to him. Got up around 11:00 am. Beautiful day here, despite my hang over!. Another party tonight for Pat at his house. Don't think I will stay out so late this time since must drive up to Christchurch tomorrow for math conference.

26 August 1993, Thursday

Well, did stay out to 3 am or so after Pat's party. Drove up to Christchurch the next day for the mathematics conference. The conference was pretty boring, but spring was really starting up, up there. Pretty warm down here in Dunedin to, about 15 or so, lovely walking weather.

Got email from David Lerner this morning saying Meron (even after signing the contract) may go take a position in Israel anyway. Hum, well at least I will have a playing card with Otago. All I really want from them at this point is a straight answer about a time table for making their decision. Even with a salary cut of 1/2 I would take Otago over Kansas in a heart beat. Just love the sea/mountains/penguins here.

27 August 1993, Friday

Working on a Dunedin Song.

G D Am C

In this city

Around this town

The penguins are pretty

and the winds howl round

Bm C D G

And in this heart

I want a part

D G

Dunedin City

Dunedin Town

We got our saints

Kilda and Clair

Watchin out for the yellow-eyed

and little blues around here

(any other suggestions for lyrics ?)

2 September 1993, Thursday

Great moon rise over the east pacific yesterday evening right after sun set. A large orange ball rose over the pacific (more French nuclear testing?) right after sunset. Magnificent. Thought I was on another planet.

Ran into Shawn Manning (from Belfast) again at Maloney's last evening. He is a shrink who plays a great buzkoi (sp) (Irish mandolin?). Seems to know just all the Irish tunes and has no problem instantly picking out complicated tunes by ear. He was playing a recently custom made instrument made by a Luthier from Christchurch named Peter Stevens, quite a beautiful instrument.

10 September 1993, Friday evening

ah, the wonders of email. In one day got 10 email messages from all over the world. Including two invitations, one to visit Alistair Mees in Perth in October, and another to be a lecturer at a summer school in Trieste in Italy next August.

When I walk along the beach in the evening and look up and see the southern cross I always hear the Shawn Colvin song in my head, "Orion in the sky." Maybe I really was meant for the southern hemisphere. Shawn (Colvin) is marrying some ozi I hear.

For those who care about such things, the string experiment is back on track again, we should do our final data runs this weekend so Tim can finally finish up his thesis, if all goes well he should have no problem, I at least think the data is fantastic: clearly shows Shilnikov mechanism, template perstrokia, and lots of other interesting things.

13 September 1993, Monday

Heard Patty Holgan (a band) play last night at Rosie's and there was also a nice exhibition of Irish dancing (and clogging?).

String data taking went well, and the results

are quite usable, clearly showing a horseshoe type chaos in common parameter regimes. The drift in the data seemed a bit more than what we have seen in the past, but all in all there is clear and definite evidence pointing to the correctness of the Bajaj and Johnson model.

Got my reviews back from both classes. Both were surprising the same. On a scale of 1 to 5 I got almost uniform one's for my "accessibility" and attitude to students and between 2-3 for everything else (organization, clarity, etc.) ie., average to above average. So about what even I expected. Certainly not overwhelming positive, but certainly not overwhelmingly negative either. I guess as a teacher I am destined to be of the Ray Mayer school (very effective in his own right, but certainly not a master lecturer) instead of the David Griffiths school. Must console myself with the fact that the value of the journey is in the struggle if not necessarily the end. And it certainly is a struggle for me at least.

Actually was a little negative on myself about the reviews, but today got a small gift from one of my best (and hardest working) students, Inga Smith. Just a little red box with Mobius strips inside with a bunch of "answers written on them." A small note said "a box of answers." I had asked the students to "box" their answers at some point during the class. Quite a sweet gesture, and certainly had a huge impact on me, at least at the confidence and morale level. I hope to give her a copy of my book as a gift with the small inscription, "thanks for solving all my problems." Which she did.

14 September 1993, Tuesday

Deep in thought with analyzing the string data. The orientability of the template branches should be measurable and would be a different global topological invariant than the torsion. Why have we not tried to measure it before? Am I missing something here. In

the string data, there is a loop around a fixed point where the flow splits. This loop is a type 3 move, so the surface does not flip, however in the knot theory perspective this is just as well modeled by a full twist, the surface flips by  $2\pi$ . this flip or lack is detectable, but not by using just knot invariants (need a tangent to the surface).

As usual, Monday was spent at the Albert Arms listening to Blackthorn. Was not very tired so stayed well past closing time and was just about the last person to leave. Blackthorn seems to be recovering from the shock of Pat's (Ryan) departure, and coming into their own in the post-Pat era. John is turning into one of the main vocalists and his voice actually seems to be stepping up to the challenge. I heard Lorina Harding from Auckland will be in town next week for a concert.

What I am finally realizing is that the splitting properties of a template is directly associated to a fixed point in the flow, but the folding properties are much more nebulous, and have to do with the global twisting of the whole flow, that is they can not be localized to some small region of phase space.

The Irish pipes player is named Craig I think.

The fiddle player in Patty Holigans is named the Celtic version of Elizabeth, which I can't seem to pronounce very well.

The template would just be so dam easy to read off from the data if I had an Iris work station. Agg! Wish Bob (Gilmore) was here to help me sort this out. Can't tell "just by looking at the data" if it is a horseshoe with a half twist or some other 3 or 4 branch template. Humm, may actually have to do some (more) work to figure it all out.

Idea: how to extend template theory from 1 to 2 dimension. Feed into a template not a single line but a curved line, in essence you make the return map not single valued, but many to many. Neat idea really, and you en-

code the initial many valuedness with more symbols. This idea was motivated by looking at the string data.

15 September 1993, Wednesday

Lorina Harding is coming to town on Friday at the Crown.

Had the most shocking experience yesterday. Was actually hot in Dunedin, something like 20 here. Fantastic. Went to beach in late afternoon for my usual few mile walk, glorious. Made a minestrone soup for dinner. Should of went swimming. Ah, it looks like it will be warm again today so may as well go today.

According to paper Lorina has a 3 yr. old daughter, and has only been focusing on singing/songwriting the last few years. Should be a good show. She is based in Auckland at the present, and originally hails from Canada.

16 September 1993, Thursday

Circles. I've been thinking about the social life in Dunedin as circles. A bit like a huge flat park filled with children's push merry go rounds of various diameters. All spinning people staying on one for a while and then transferring over to the nearest adjacent merry go round. Circles.

It seems as if Dunedin has all these social circles all of which eventually if indirectly touch one another. First there is my string circle, those two or three of us in Dunedin interested in the dynamics of strings. Then there is the Celtic music circle, which touches part of the bigger music circle in Dunedin both classical and the modern Dunedin sound. At the center of the Celtic circle is Mike Ryan. Then there is the late night cafe wine bar poet circle. Those who hang out at places like Loots and the Back Bar at the Empire. Then there is the various pub circles, many are just locals, people who spend their whole life going to the same job and same pub. And then there is the trendy pub circles. I imagine there are many other circles I have not had a spin on yet, the fashion circle, the academic circle, the

city government circle, the beach preservation circle. It seems as if everyone in Dunedin has various circles they ride on. It is a pleasant ride.

I am really noticing the poverty of this county and this place, this time around. Don't really know if poverty is the right word, but it just has the feel and many of the buildings have the look of something far closer to Lisbon than of say France. I guess the obvious explanation is the most likely one to be correct. With the great privation also came a great cut back of city services. So things are not kept up the way they used to be and they were never that well built to start. It is not really bad since the natural geographic setting is so splendid, but it seems as if the cost is really not the great, and there are certainly enough unemployed people who might appreciate the work. Just painting, repairing, redoing, just up keep of the towns. The few "gems" of the town stand out all the more in this setting, Moana, the Library and Town Center Hall, Glenroy Hall. Of all the Universities I visited in New Zealand, Dunedin and Auckland are by far the most beautiful. In fact, I would really have a hard time applying that word to the other Universities. Dunedin has it share of 70's architecture which is not aging well at all, but it also has the clock tower which really is quite a nice building. Auckland just has more money and the choice "urban" environment that makes it stand out, where as Otago has the splendid surrounding natural environment, the peninsula, easy access to the down town shopping streets, and Mt. Cargill behind. Indeed, it would be hard to make it an ugly campus.

I wonder how Neepa is reacting to the wealth of Harvard (and the real poverty of other sections of Somerville). Could you imagine a place as wealthy as Harvard in a setting like this? As it is it seems like most of the local economy is already generated by the Univer-



sity, can you imagine what this town would be like if it was really a wealthy University?

Looks like I will be going to Adelaide, Perth, Canberra in early October, any one care to fill in on the Dunedin Report when I am on the road.

Nick Tuffilaro, Dunedin Report, Dunedin.

PS: It's really spring here, just in the last two days all the blossoms seem to be coming out on the trees.

18 September 1993, Saturday

My first language is "c."

Fuckin cold day in Dunedin.

Beautiful winter, but last night the winds seemed to change and now we have an antarctic blow. Even the children complain about the cold here, so maybe it is not something you get used too.

Lorina Harding at her concert last night at the Crown (Her CD is Lucky Dam Women on Real Groovy Records) said the coldest winter she spent in her life was in Auckland. Humm. She is from Canada, from the plain states no less. Jono (Lonie ?) was down from Auckland to play fiddle in the concert, he should be at the Albert also on Monday to play with Paul and Blackthorn. He is from Dunedin originally.

The Verlaines are in town at Sammy's next weekend, the 24th. Heck, I might even go see them, never been to Sammy's. Are the Bats, and the Chills both overseas at the moment? Where?

More circles: the medical school circle, the Canadian circle. Last night I was in the Canadian circle at the concert. Sarah (who has been here for 5 years, but whose family has old connections to Dunedin), Caryn (a recent Canadian emigrant to Dunedin), and Ian, a lecturer in Zoology from Canada. Most Canadians have a very certain quality which I like but have a hard time putting my finger on, a certain intelligent irreverence about life, a lightness of spirit. Really don't have the words

to describe it yet. Just a good humoredness I guess. Ian knew Lorina, actually used to flat with her brother up in Auckland, not just a dam small town, but a dam small, but dam lucky country too. Lorina should be back with her full six piece band in a bit I suppose.

I don't often view the Dunedin from above south Dunedin where you can look up the harbor, but quite nice views from there. You can really see how the hills on either side of the harbor appear to tower out of the harbor water. Despite the cold, the views were nice from there this morning with the way that the clouds and misty rained played with the harbor and hills.

Someone told me that south Dunedin is the most densely populated place in Austral-Asia.

18 September 1993, Saturday

The 20 September 1993 Austral-asia version of TIME is a Dunedin fest. The cover article is on the Silva Study, a 20+ year project following the lives of 1000 Dunedin children (Neepea is a subject, as well as Bryce from my 330 class).

Wonderful stuff. I thought before if I would win a McArthur I would move to the Northwest and establish the best Nonlinear Dynamics research lab. Now I have a different thought. Perhaps I would move to Dunedin and write another book:

"This place, this town, this time."

In American, push comes to shove, and the ultimate value is money. In Dunedin, time and time again again I have heard the same value espoused from men and women from different walks of life, as Marcia Cassidy says in the article: "These are just values of the household that we want them all to have - respecting other people, sharing and looking after one another; that sort of thing." In spite of all the changes, this is, I feel, still really the core value here. This is the lesson that Dunedin has to share with America.

Again and again I say this. Again and again

I find evidence to support this, but American just scares me to my core because of the cruelty it displays toward its children and its poor. The Silva study is yet more evidence for my fear. As the Time article states: "Even the most poverty-stricken household can raise children with no disadvantages as long as the basics are looked after -as long as the early experience is rich, care is consistent and children are loved. The converse is that it is very difficult to shake off the effects of a poor start. Generally, antisocial three-year-olds are more likely to become antisocial teenagers."

First book was "An experimental approach to nonlinear dynamics and chaos" (Addison-Wesley, 1992).

19 September 1993, Sunday

Here is something I've noticed quite a lot this time around: women writing messages to themselves on the top parts of their hand. Little lists, phones, names, etc. Weird.

21 September 1993, Tuesday

Went out to John's on Sunday, and only had time to play a little guitar before going to the beach at Sandfly with his kids: Kate 3, and Jammie 1. Michael also brought his kids along, Jenny and Hue. They all loved it, a real live gonnies adventure to the cave on the left side of Sandfly through the beach with seals and sealions.

Very special night for Blackthorn this Monday, everyone was in great form and Jono stole the show with his masterly violin playing. Not quite Bela Fleck, but he is at a different level from everyone in Blackthorn, basically can do exactly what he wants anytime he wants on the violin, nice to see.

24 September 1993, Friday

New Hoyt 6 Cinema complex (finally) opens in the Octagon. Featured films include The Firm, Sleepless in Seattle, Jurassic Park, etc.

Dunedin losses bid to host 2000 Olympics to sister city Sydney. Well at least we have the Bedislow cup (sp). Not clear whether con-

struction begun on Olympic complex in South Dunedin will continue or not. Plans are already forming for 2004 bid.

St. James theater on Moray place closed Thursday, unable to compete with new Hoyt Six. What will become of the building, which use to feature a replica of the Tash Ma Ha (sp). Featured on closing night was "Gone with the wind." Several patrons where rushed to the Dunedin Hospital afterwords with frostbite.

Rain, rain, and more rain past 3 days.

Sun, surf, and sin — Dunedin, its alright (white) here.

26 September 1993, Sunday

The new Hoyt's 6 charges \$8.50 for tickets, but the new theaters are a lot more comfortable than the old and cold (but charming) old theaters. The new Hoyt's has a bar, and should be the buzz of the town for a wee while.

The rain continues, although this morning it is merely over cast, winds and rain expected later in the day.

Despite the chill of the rain, it makes a remarkably beautiful mist and clouds in the hills around Dunedin. Reminds me of similar scenes like those of the hills and mountain of Austria or Switzerland actually.

Of course if they are forecasting rain that is a very good sign, it means it will almost certainly be clearing and sunny.

The dinosaurs in Jurassic Park were real SMART. Not STUPID, like humans might think. I guess they learned a thing or two in 200 million years.

29 September 1993, Wednesday

The Adelaide Aquatic Center blows the Moana Pool away - 4 of the most powerful jocuzzis (sp) I've felt, 2 saunas, 2 fifty meter pools and an extensive network of children's pools. Oh yea, and you don't have to press a button continually to try to get hot water from a shower. This country is a lot more wealthy than the South Island of NZ, you can see it every where, in the cars, in the way the peo-

ple dress. Very much more like the wealth and style of the US. The University is about the same size as Otago, but again the resources are far more extensive, many more computers, journals, books, etc.

Large immigrant population even in Adelaide, Asians, Greeks, Italians, very Mediterranean feel to the place and/or California feel.

The people are a lot slimmer.

30 September 1993, Thursday

Arrived safely in Perth and the University of Western Australia. Very beautiful campus, and even more resources than Adelaide. Got an office and Se30 put on my desk. Every thing with in the department was very well organized.

In principle New Zealand should be heading more toward America, the way Australia is. Yet just the opposite is happening. I say in principle because of the economic changes and privatization of the New Zealand economy. But instead of converging I think that culturally Oz and Godzone are diverging. Here is my simplistic explanation of this. New Zealand really is now a poorer country than Australia, this is the result of the devaluation of the New Zealand dollar. Kiwis don't really have the option of following the materialistic, commercial life style of America. Whether they would want to anyway is a different matter. But since this is not an option, kiwis must find a different set of values than the American given values of a consumer society. Australia is embracing many of these values.

As I see it there are two great isms a stir in the world today. The American given Commercialism, and Islam. Both ideologies are fraught with major problems, yet I don't think there can be little doubt that these two ideologies are having a massive impact on the world. I don't know of any one who has examined commercialism as a major ideological structure, yet I think it is Americans greatest export. The promise of things and the

life they allow you to lead. As hollow as this value might seem, still it is what is shaping the developing world. Islam is of course a much deeper ideology which attempts to integrate the spiritual and social needs of the individual and society. But it is not clear that it is more persuasive or exerting more influence than American materialism.

New Zealanders are buying neither isms and in creating there own way perhaps they might be able to offer us a glimmer of hope of a different ism other than the two bankrupt isms just mentioned.

1 October 1993, Friday, Perth, Western Australia.

Unstable weather pattern. Gusts of wind and bursts of rain interspersed with calmer more sunny weather.

I have a friend Jerry who is the manager of the Clairdon in Dunedin. Jerry is a former counter insurgency specialist with NATO, he holds a Dutch-Kiwi passport. Jerry said he eventually left the armed forces because of his concern over the accidental (or intentional) use of nuclear weapons. He did not appear avidly anti-nuclear he just made the point that these weapons (apparently, I am taking his word for it) can be used with only local authorization, and he thought unintentional use was not such a remote possibility. He also said that one of the reasons he came to New Zealand was that the New Zealand armed forces were the only ones that "put people first," that is , he said, it did not engage in the use of any weapons of large whole sale destruction, but rather concentrated on individual weapons and combat. Weapons and combat that would perhaps kill combatants but not whole sale destruction of civilian populations.

Just reporting what he said the best I can remember.

2 October 1993, Perth, Western Australia

Had a lovely walk through King's Park today. This place really has a feel of dream

time. Voices, sounds, bird calls seem to fade in and out of consciousness. The space and light of the town. Perth reminds me an awful lot of Portland, Oregon. A new city set by the (Swan) river with wonderful parks in the surrounding hills. King's Park reminds me of Forest Park in Portland. Both cities claim to have the largest inner city Parks in existence—not. Forest park I am certain is bigger. The wild flowers were out in King's park, not only were they attractive but they also had a wonderful fragrance.

Got pretty drunk last night at the Uni House with Kevin and Kay. Seem to have survived though.

Whenever (Americans ?) walk they are always going from some place or to some place. While in the park today I just started walking at random, with no intention of going to or coming from anywhere. It was quite a strange sensation actually, as if I had never done this before and it put me into a whole new reality. Is this what a walkabout and dream time are all about? Strange that I should discover this in the "bush" within Perth.

My impressions this time are really much the same as my last visit to Oz. How much the place is like America, how worn the landscape looks and feels.

4 October 1993, Monday, Perth

Kay took me around Freemantle, and Northbridge yesterday for a bit of sight seeing. Lovely beeches as advertised. Went for a quick dip in the Indian Ocean. Seemed to have pulled a muscle in my lower back. Ah age.

16 October 1993, Saturday, Dunedin

Renovations at the Cook. The Cook has undergone some changes in the last few weeks, painters working on the outer walls have transformed the appearance to a painted facade of stone and mortar, ugly really. The interior up stairs has been transformed to a pale imitation of a disco bar, with dance floor, spinning lights

, speakers, and a DJ stand. The music selection is atrocious. In the words of Christine Lavin, "What were they thinking?"

Headline of the ODT: Otago pipfruit growers lose out to Nelson.

Port gets land for \$100,000 Artist Ralph Hotere's Observation Point property is now the only obstacle blocking Port Otago Ltd's development plans after Simon Mill of Masterton, yesterday sold his land to the company for \$100,000.

Labor Supporter heckles Moore at rally

Weather: Fine

That's all the news from Dunedin on this fine Saturday.

20 October 1993, Wednesday

Sheep shit poisons Dunedin water supply.

A government rating of city water supplies is about to give the Dunedin water supply a grade of E (A-E), meaning the water supply is unsafe to drink. The cause of the contamination is sheep shit in the Tarie river (sp) (Note: see McGlugins (sp), "The undeveloping nation"). Bacteria such as giardi (sp) routinely poisons the water supply leading to diarrhea and vomiting. The problem has been unchanged for years and will continue in the present state until new water treatment facilities are constructed. Auckland got an A, Christchurch a B.

Black Watch visits Dunedin.

Black Watch, the royal high lands detachment of the British army is currently spending a week in Dunedin. The boys (men) are currently stationed in Hong Kong, but are spending time in Queenstown for training. Many were at the Albert Arms on Monday, and they treated the audience to some lively Scottish singing and bagpipe playing in addition to the usual Irish venue served up on Monday. IRA supporters were notably absent this past Monday at the Albert. One young soldier borrowed my black barre (sp) and had a comrade snap a picture of him wearing it.

26 October 1993, Tuesday

Opening at the Carnegie Galley this weekend. 15 paintings by Tony Tarasiewicz and 22 paintings by Rohan Calvert. Exhibit runs from 24 October to 5 November 1993.

New 2 hours parking meters around University.

Musicians Club had a benefit gig a few nights back.

Walked to lovers leap and the Chasm this past Sunday. On Labor Monday took trail up the Taieri (sp) River.

31 October 1993, Sunday  
Dunedin.

Well, at least the weather is always interesting here. Yesterday was perfect, as it always is in springtime when students have finals. Today it is pissing down rain with a cold southerly blow, which means it might stay around for a while.

Gardens. Kiwi Gardens. An appropriate topic for springtime. A visitor to New Zealand, unless I guess they do a lot of home-stays or something, probably would not get a sense of the multitude of special places which are the gardens of peoples private homes. Kiwis are keen gardeners on the whole, and their gardens derive from English gardens but have really taken on an untamed and almost disheveled but not unattractive south pacific spirit. Traditionally, a vegetable patch is a central component to many Kiwi gardens - silverbeet being the most common planting. Things grow well and easily here, in fact, I can think of few more ideal environments for growing, from vegetables, to flowers, up to transplanted red woods. This being said, it is a shame so few trees remain, for they really would give the country a more solid spirit, and indeed this may happen since a massive forestry planting is underway which could, if projections hold true, by the early 21st century be one the the 2 or 3 major exports of this country. But back to gardens. Since vegeta-

bles are easy to grow here, and in most areas one has a continual growing season, home vegetable patches have really been a major source of food for the typical kiwi family. This is changing with the advent of the large supermarket chains, but is still not untrue. After the vegetables, one normally also finds a variety of foreign and native flora and fauna. The gardens are all quite peaceful, but always have a bit of a disheveled look. They are not perfectly manicured proper English gardens on the whole. I attribute this both to the easy life style here, (what would this country be like if it was settled by the Germans and not the English?) and also to just how quickly things grow here.

The week of Rhotodenrons around Dunedin has just past. There are many beautiful private gardens around Dunedin. One of the best I stumbled upon on a bike ride some years back I believe was up on Brick Kilm Road (Ombrellos?) (check exact name and location). Really quite large and terraced for a private garden.

Different topic. I don't know if this is just a Dunedin thing, or more generally true in New Zealand. But the adds and articles in the ODT (Otago Daily Times) almost inevitably are missing some key point of information. If an entertainment event (at pub, play or movie) is coming up you would expect the add to have the location, time, and maybe telephone. In the ODT, not. All the adds usually contain are the name of the act and a date. Period. You are suppose to know where the place is, what time it starts, etc. This is not just entertainment things, but even adds for selling things or feature articles. All I think it really reflects again is the lackadaisical lifestyle here. No one ever said, ah should you not mention these things. It is really sort of humorous. In point of fact, it is really not a problem since almost everybody seems to know everything about Dunedin, and it provides yet another reason to socialize if one has to ask some one

else for the information. If someone is wondering, if no time is mentioned then 8:00 pm is probably about right, as for location, well you just better know some one who knows some one who knows where it is. I have even tried to call a few times to try to find when things start, but this is really not a very useful exercise, if the aim is to pin down the time. Typical comment – oh yea, I think they are playing here on Saturday, or maybe Friday, time ?? well, they usually start around (rand(seed)), but not sure.

The Gardens in Christchurch may be an exception to the above comments. I suspect they are faithfully English. It is funny how much the town does feel English, and how unlike Dunedin it is. In the early afternoon children ride home on their bikes wearing their school uniforms and stopping at all the lights and intersections. If you blink, you really might think you were in Cambridge or Oxford. Again, not in Dunedin, the kids ramble home on their skate boards, or trudge through the paddocks and rugby fields on their way to and from school. Just a bit more wild I guess. Many don't wear shoes or just jandals.

Wild and a bit overgrown. Dunedin.

2 November 1993, Tuesday

Dunedin.

I guess what I like most about the "town" (as opposed to the fabulous setting), is the home grown spirit of things here in Dunedin. Many things start and are done locally here. First, of course, there is the music, the "Dunedin sound." You may or may not like it, but it is really not trying to imitate something else. Up in Christchurch all the young kids try to sound like Nirvana, or Pearl Jam, or Gun's and Roses. Or, as another example, note that the ads on the radio all seemed to be produced here. They sound awfully amateurish, but I like them. The cooking too, as a whole. I like that less, but I appreciate that people are trying to get by with what they

know.

Home grown things are genuine. They really connect with people's life. The down side is obvious enough, and commented on enough. I guess for a society which has traditionally tried to imitate an awful lot, it's nice to be in a town where people just get on with their lives in their own way.

And the lack of commercialism really is a blessing. I remember so many times being annoyed by commercial and public radio by their mania of sticking to a "format," either set interruptions for a program break or station announcements or what ever. It is really quite a fascist system when you think of it. Commercialism as fascism. Fascism as commercialism. If someone told you you must stop every 4 minutes and play yet another commercial irrespective of the time or setting or mood is that not a form of fascist dictatorship?

Radio One did an interview with Paul Ubana Jones, originally from south of London but now a musician living somewhere in New Zealand (anyone know where?). Like most college radio stations, they did a leisurely interview – I don't know how long it lasted, but I heard about 20 minutes of it. No real interruptions, which meant that Paul could talk in depth about what he wanted and not be hemmed in by some fascist format. The interview was very "home grown," no set question list, the DJ just blurted question about what he thought the audience would be interested in. Of course, you could hear such an interview on a college radio in the States, but honestly I expect you wouldn't. Despite all the freedom a college radio station has, still it seems that somewhere in the the unconsciousness of the DJ (or the consciousness of the station manager) they are unwittingly still trying to imitate what they know, which is the commercial format. I know of few radio stations, commercial or public that don't do this. WXPB in Philly in the old days was like that, but now it

is indistinguishable from a commercial station. I actually like the music mix better now, but for me (Terry's 1 hour interviews, instead of 8 minutes, or the late night shows of kids just playing on the air) far far more was lost than was gained. Emerson college radio in Boston still maintains some of this homegrown spirit.

Things are awfully amateurish, unprofessional, and often just bloody awful here. But they are home grown, commercial free, and genuine to the people involved with them, and for me that makes all the difference in the world.

Paul Ubana Jones is playing tonight at the Oriental Tavern, near the Uni. Doors open at 7:30. Cover is \$10 NZ. He will be playing the Martin Guitar.

Sometime people ask me why I like Dunedin so much. My reply is, "Well, I'm from Philadelphia." If that does not do it, I go onto explain:

When I was a child, Philadelphia was the third biggest city in America. What I remembered of it was driving through endless miles of ghettos, one battered block after another, on a hot July Sunday, with black children playing in the spray hydrants and older people lounging around on the street corners or sitting on the front stoops. It was the poorest place I had ever seen. Trash lay in the gutters and doorways, and whole buildings were derelict. It was like a foreign country, like Haiti or Panama. My dad whistled tunelessly through his teeth the whole time, as he always did when he was scared, and told us to keep the windows rolled up even though it was boiling in the car. At stoplights people would stare stonily at us and Dad would whistle in double time and drum the steering wheel with his fingers and smile apologetically at anyone who looked at him, as if to say, "Sorry, we're from out of state."

Things have changed now, naturally. Philadelphia is no longer the third biggest city

in America. Los Angeles pushed it into forth place in the 1960s, and now there are freeways to whisk you into the heart of town without soiling your tires in the ghettos. Even so, I managed a brief, inadvertent visit to one of the poorer neighborhoods when I wandered off the freeway in search of a gas station. Before I could do anything about it, I found myself sucked into a vortex of one-way streets that carried me into the most squalid and dangerous-looking neighborhood I had ever seen. It may have been, for all I know, the very ghetto we passed through all those years before—the brownstone buildings looked much the same—but it was many times worse than the one I remembered. The ghetto of my childhood, for all its poorness, had the air of a street carnival. People wore colorful clothes and seemed to be having a good time. This place was just bleak and dangerous, like a war zone. Abandoned cars, old refrigerators, burned-out sofas littered every vacant lot. Garbage cans looked as if they had been thrown to the street from the rooftops. There were no gas stations—I wouldn't have stopped anyway, not in a place like this, not for a million dollars—and most of the storefronts were boarded with plywood. Every standing object had been spray-painted with graffiti. There were still a few young people on the stoops and corners, but they looked listless and cold—it was a chilly day—and they seemed not to notice me. Thank God. This was a neighborhood where clearly you could be murdered for a pack of cigarettes—a fact that was not lost on me as I searched nervously for a way back onto the freeway. By the time I found it, I wasn't shitling through my teeth so much as singing through my sphincter.

It really was the most uncomfortable experience I had had in many years. God, what it must be like to live there and to walk those streets daily. Do you know that if you are black man in urban America you now stand a

one-in-nineteen chance of being murdered? In World War II, the odds of being killed were one in fifty. In New York City there is one murder every four hours. Murder there has become the most common cause of death for people under thirty-five—and yet New York isn't even the most murderous city in America. At least eight other cities have a higher murder rate. In Los Angeles there are more murders on school grounds alone each year than there are in the whole of London. So perhaps it is little wonder that people in America take violence as routine. I don't know how they do it.

On my way to Minnesota to start this trip, I passed through the O'Hare Airport in Chicago, where I ran into a friend who worked for a St. Louis newspaper. He told me he had been working extra hard lately because of something that had happened to his boss. The boss had been driving home from work late one Saturday night when he had stopped at some traffic lights. As he waited for the lights to change, the passenger door opened and a man with a gun got in. The gunman made the boss drive down to the riverfront, where he shot him in the head and took his money. The boss had been in a coma for three weeks and they aren't sure whether he was going to live.

My friend was telling me this not because it was such an incredible story, but simply by way of elucidating why he was having to work so damned hard lately. As for his boss, my friend's attitude seemed to be that if you forget to lock your car doors when you're driving through St. Louis late at night, well, you've got to expect to talk a bullet in the head from time to time. It was very odd, his deadpan attitude, but it seems to be more and more the way in America now. It made me feel like a stranger.

I drove downtown and parked near City Hall. On top of the building is a statue of

William Penn. It's the main landmark downtown, visible from all around the city, but it was covered in scaffolding. In 1985, after decades of neglect, the city fathers decided to refurbish the statue before it fell down. So they covered it in scaffolding. However, this cost so much that there was no money left to do the repairs. Now, two years later, the scaffolding was still there and not a lick of work had been done. A city engineer had recently announced with a straight face that before long the scaffolding itself would need to be refurbished. This is more or less how Philadelphia works, which is say not very well. No other city in America pursues the twin ideals of corruption and incompetence with quite the same enthusiasm. When it comes to assine administration, Philadelphia is in a league of its own.

Consider: in 1985, a bizarre sect called MOVE barricaded itself into a tenement house on the west side of town. The police chief and mayor considered the options open to them and decided that the most intelligent use of their resources would be to blow up the house—but of course!—even though they knew there were children inside and it was in the middle of a densely populated district. So they dropped a bomb on the house from a helicopter. This started a fire that quickly grew out of control and burned down most of the neighborhood— sixty-one houses in all—and killed eleven people, including all the children in the barricaded home.

When they aren't being incompetent, city officials like to relax with a little corruption. Just as I was driving into town I heard on the radio that a former city councilman had been sentenced to ten years in jail and his aide to eight years for attempted extortion. The judge called it a gross breach of public trust. He should know. Across town a state review board was calling for the dismissal of nine of the judge's colleagues for taking cash



gifts from members of the roofers' union. Two of those judges were already awaiting trial on extortion charges. This sort of thing is routine in Philadelphia. A few months earlier when a state official named Bud Dwyer was similarly accused of corruption, he called a press conference, pulled out a gun and, as cameras rolled, blew his brains out. This led to an excellent local joke. Q. What is the difference between Bud Dwyer and Bud Lite? A. Bud Lite has a head on it. Yet for all its incompetence and criminality, Philadelphia is a likable place. ....

[Excerpt from "The Lost Continent" by Bill Bryson]

Here is a more recent incident. Philadelphia, in a desperate act to clean up its transit system, managed to hire the senior administrator of the BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit System) despite the personal congealing of mayor Feinstein at the time. On his arrival to Philly, the transit administrator was shocked at the level of corruption and in his first week instituted changes to try to get the money put into the parking meters to go into the city coffers. Several graphic death threats followed, and by the end of the second week the administrator was on a plane back to San Francisco and his old job. He was glad to get out unharmed. You would think there would be some outcry from the public and a big investigation right. Not. The people of Philadelphia's reaction seemed to, "what was he thinking?"

In the incident mentioned above, 1/3 of the city judges were charged by the FBI with corruption of various sorts. It got so bad that there were not enough judges to try the judges, they had to ship in convicts (ah, other judges) from the other side of the state to fill in the gap.